

NOT EASY TO GET SHINE IN FRANCE

Boothblack Not Familiar Sight on Streets.

Paris.—"Shine, shine!" Don't expect to hear to Paris the cry familiar outside railroad depots back home. But even at that you don't have to wait around the streets of the French capital with rusty footware. No, it is not the shoeshine boys who are to be seen in the sidewalks of Paris. The half-washed chambermaid or night watchman will merely wipe off the dust, slap about one centime's worth of polish on the shoes, and let it go at that.

You won't find shoeshine boys at every corner as you do in New York or Chicago, but you can find a few if you know where to go. There are not many, half a dozen or so in the whole city. When you get off the train at the Gare St. Lazare you can have your shoes shined right in the station on a hidden arcade across the street. With a tip it will cost you about two francs, or eight cents in real money. Then there are two worthy "commissionaires," or public messengers, who sleep half the day in little stools on the four corners of the Boulevard des Halles where it runs east from the Place de l'Opera. If you can wake up one of them when they are not busy carrying a bunch of flowers to a blonde or riding a bike somewhere to awaken a late railway train, they will do the job done under the eyes of half a Parisian Paris which never misses a chance to watch the antics of these crazy Americans.

If you understand some of their argot you will at the same time have what they think of people who spend money getting their shoes shined and then tell France she must pay her debts.

Parted 24 Years, 3

Reunited by Letter

Philadelphia.—But for a letter opened by mistake Henry J. Littrell, seventy, of Alavista, Va., might never have been reunited here with his two sons, who have mourned him as dead for 25 years.

Some twenty-five years ago a storm and flood razed a small town in the Middle West where Mr. Littrell had taken up his residence, and after it abated he had vanished. Although the sons searched for his body for days, they never found it. Some time later he was declared "dead" by the courts and his estate was disposed of.

Two weeks ago James Littrell, Jr., a grandson, was taking a business trip through Virginia. He happened to call on his associates to address his mail to general delivery along the route he proposed to pursue.

At Roanoke he received a letter addressed to "Littrell," with the first name erased. Believing it to be his, he opened it.

Surprised at the post office disclosed that the letter must have been meant for Henry J. Littrell. The younger Littrell decided to deliver the letter to the person it had been sent to. The old man and the young man began to talk and before long discovered their relationship.

New Gears for Planes

Climbing in Rare Air

Lyons, Mass.—The addition of two gears and a new "climber" to an airplane engine makes possible higher power at all altitudes, which in turn means higher ceilings, heavier loads. This is accomplished with a built-in supercharger developed at the research laboratory of the General Electric company here, after the design of Dr. A. K. Moss, it was announced recently.

Previously the supercharger has only been used exclusively in military airplanes, and then only as an auxiliary device. Now several large manufacturing concerns have adopted the new supercharger as an integral part of their motors built for commercial planes.

"The supercharger does exactly the same for the airplane engine as the oxygen tank does for the pilot when flying at high or unusual altitudes," stated Doctor Moss. "At 20,000 feet there is but half as much oxygen in the atmosphere as at sea level. An ordinary engine loses power rapidly as it ascends, but with the supercharger in use this is not the case."

We Get John Bull

New York.—Uncle Sam is to acquire John Bull. "Yes, sir, that's my real name," said an applicant at the State Department bureau, and I was born in Tipperary."

Recognize Persons 13

Miles Away in Mirage

Cape May, N. J.—The most remarkable mirage seen here in thirty years was visible to the other day from the board walk. Ships that were visible to the hull down beneath the horizon, were seen clearly. The beach at Cape Heilelope, 15 miles away, was so plainly seen that persons walking on the sand could be seen. Woodland, back of Rehoboth beach, also was clearly visible. Old sea men say that the phenomenon is a certain sign of the approach of a severe storm.

EVANGELINE'S EDEN ENGULFED BY FLOOD

Acadians Again Driven From Their Homes.

Washington.—The United States sixth Great Lake, the Lake of the Mississippi, larger than Ontario or Erie, has engulfed the Evangeline country.

When it broke the Atchafalaya river's west dikes, the flood lake rolled its shores over and beyond St. Martin and St. Landry parishes. "Again the Acadians have been driven from their homes," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society from its Washington headquarters.

"And the disaster is greater, by number of sufferers, than that visited upon Evangeline's people in her time. Only 8,000 Acadians were expelled from Nova Scotia in 1755 by Massachusetts and British bayonets to be scattered over the earth from Detroit to Cordoba and Cayenne. Fifteen hundred of them found their way to New Orleans; many pushed on to Bayou Teche, 150 miles west. There they increased to some 150,000, occupying 15 parishes, or counties, when the flood spread over their homes, towns, and lands.

Beautiful in the land, with its prairie fields where it runs east from the Place de l'Opera. If you can wake up one of them when they are not busy carrying a bunch of flowers to a blonde or riding a bike somewhere to awaken a late railway train, they will do the job done under the eyes of half a Parisian Paris which never misses a chance to watch the antics of these crazy Americans.

Turn to Stock Raising. For a poet, Longfellow's geography is fairly good. But, the Acadian backsmith, has become a herdman in "Evangeline." Most of the refugees in 1755 did turn to stock raising with a few cattle given to them by charitable French merchants of New Orleans. Descendants of the Acadians have since followed the same path.

Some recall grimly death and devastation of war; others have a lighter touch showing that the Acadians' sense of humor never abandoned him even when shells were flying.

The owner of the ruins expects to rebuild his property this year, but he says he will keep the ruins up. The ruins of the Acadians' house, which the Indians had "planted," driving through the St. Michel sector, the correspondent noticed a banner's delivery automobile which had a familiar appearance. It was one of the old automobiles of the American army. Now it is dispensing bread to the French in the same sector.

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OLD VIOLIN SHOP BOASTS FAR FAME

Great Musicians Pick Way to Dinky Quarters.

Atlanta, Ga.—All the world's a stage for Maya Badgett. In it he humbly plays the part of a violin maker.

His shop, two stories above Atlanta's business corner, is dinky. About its bench is a confused assembly of musical instruments. The clutter of traffic pounds in through dusty windows. But Badgett, as he works away with the knowledge that the proof of the fiddle is in the playing, would not trade his shop for a palace.

Famous personages of the musical world have made a beaten path to his place. Once a year he has a big party attended by members of the Metropolitan Opera company. Once Badgett gave a bear supper to 800 guests, including the opera stars, Sousa's band and southern artists.

Artists who sing and play for the public for thousands of dollars perform for Badgett between corners. Occasionally the party is broadcast and opera stars rush away from the auditorium to reach their radios for two more hours of music by the stars.

Prosperity displayed by the violin maker is a letter from Eugene Ysaye, praising his instrument. David S. Brown, New York conductor; Fritz Scheffer and Henri Goettig of the Metropolitan orchestra, and Richard Seligman of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music are among those who use his violin.

One of Badgett's latest violins was made from a bodied of curly maple more than two hundred years old. Badgett's wife is an expert string maker.

American Army Relics

Still Seen in France

Chateau-Thierry, France.—American army relics and souvenirs are still visible throughout the former battle zone in France.

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THE TIMES-VIRGINIAN

APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1927

ESTABLISHED 1899

King Likens Dotted Tail Horse to Bobbed Hair

Paris.—According to a recent writer in the "Carpet de la Semaine," King George V, after a notable race, smiled around to the paddock to get a close look at the horses. Among them was a fine thoroughbred with his tail cropped close. The king looked at him in silence for a few moments while the attendants awaited some word of praise such as he had bestowed upon other horses. At length the president of the club ventured to ask:

"May I trust that your majesty is pleased?"

"No," replied the king, meditatively, "I do not like at all such trimming of a horse's tail. I think it is very ugly."

Then, after a moment, and with a smile, he added:

"I think it is a woman with bobbed hair."

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